

VOL. LVIII. No. 1495

PUCK BUILDING, New York, October 25, 1905

PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

Copyright, 1905, by Keppler & Schwarzmann

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter



HENCEFORTH.

"GENTLEMEN, I CANNOT; MY MORAL SENSE FORBIDS!"



KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN
Publishers and Proprietors
Corner Lafayette & Houston Sts., New York

PUCK
No. 1495. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1905
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

NO, VERITAS; he did not change his name from Evans to Ivins to catch the Irish vote. Beware of campaign lies!

IT MAY not be possible wholly to eliminate biting and chewing from the noble game of football, but at least the practice of filing the teeth before each game should be stopped.

"PUBLIC OWNERSHIP is no longer a campaign catch-word, but a principle applied and in operation in this, the greatest of American cities."
—The Tammany Platform.

And the main power-house is on Fourteenth Street.

"LESS OPENWORK," cry the reformers of fashion. "More open play," cry the reformers of football. Is there not an opportunity somewhere here for an amicable settlement of both difficulties?

THE MAN whom a Wilkesbarre alderman "sentenced to be married" the other day should distinctly understand that there is no time off for good behavior.

THEY HELD a balloon race with eighteen starters in Paris recently, but without any marked success. In a balloon race, it is next to impossible to take a wheel off your opponent, or to run anybody down at a crossing.

IT IS RUMORED that Mr. McAdoo has been consulting with the Grand Central Station officials as to the advisability of installing a special traffic squad to handle the rush of commuters for the 5:09 train.

THE Republican party believes in protection, but "it is not wedded to schedules." Any time the tax on meerschaum pipes becomes too oppressive, the Republican party will gladly abate it.

"THE EFFECT of this insurance investigation is to influence the young men of the day to become big thieves."—The Rev. Madison C. Peters.

And the young men of the day had better hustle some, or there will be nothing left to steal.

AN IOWA woman asks a divorce because her husband has n't bathed for twenty-two years. She probably got tired reminding him, every Saturday: "John, there's lots of hot water to-night."

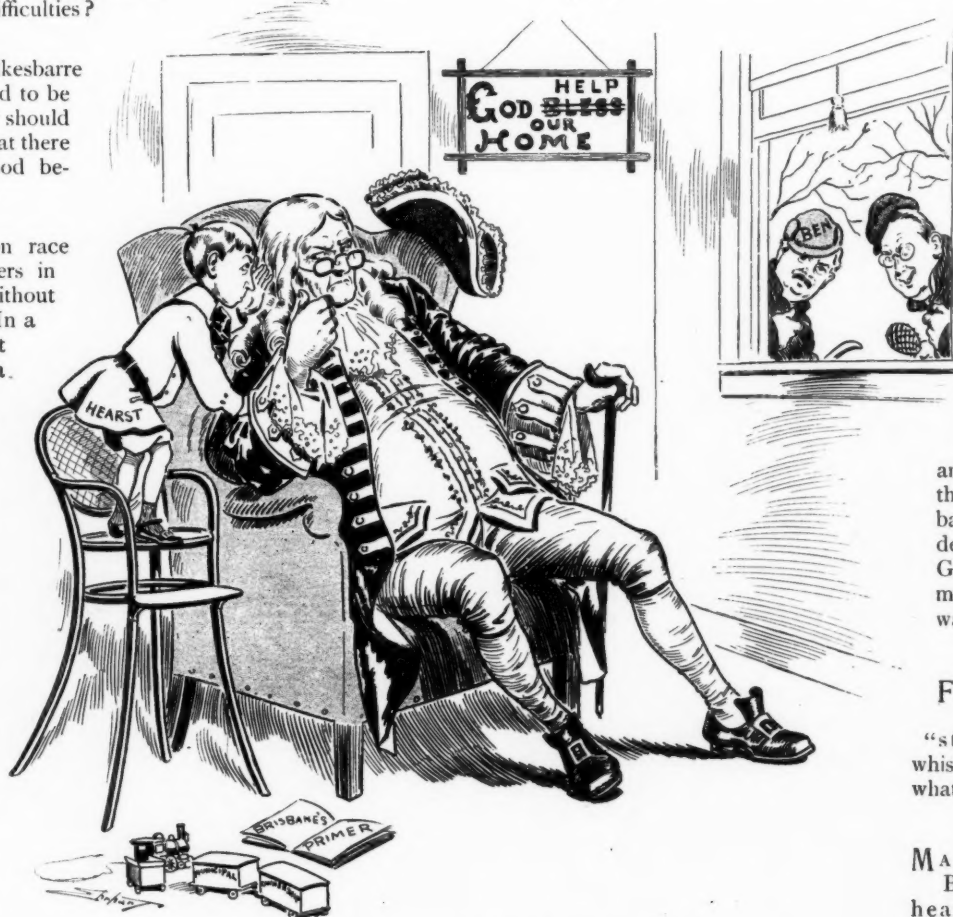
AMONG THOSE not on the stump for William Travers Jerome is the Hon. Richard Canfield. Al Adams, also, refuses to talk.

THE PRESIDENT of Georgetown University says that the ethics of football "are more detestable than those of the prize-ring." The ethics of the prize-ring would at least prohibit a 220-pound guard from slugging and jumping on a 145-pound quarterback.

"ONE MUST make an angel beautiful," says sculptor Borglum, "and how many beautiful men are there?" Well, there's Elbert Hubbard, Bernarr McFadden, Richard Le Gallienne—how many models do you want, anyway?

FELLOW CITIZENS, shall we permit the "standardizing of whisky"? You know what happened to oil.

MANILA is to hear Bryan. Manila never heard Bryan before. Now you can realize how far away from us Manila is.



FATHER KNICKERBOCKER'S DILEMMA.

"I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, GRAN'PA."



IF THE CENTAURS WERE BACK ON EARTH.

THE TRAFFIC SQUAD.

THEODORIZED SPORT.

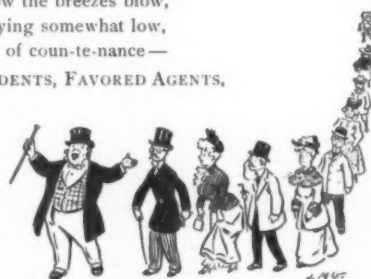
THE PROMOTERS of Charity Euchres in the New England and Middle Atlantic states lunched yesterday at the White House, in response to the President's invitation. The grave abuses, which of late have sprung up in this game, were discussed at length, and the President spoke very vigorously in behalf of needed reforms. The woman who carries a concealed card punch, and credits herself with 76 points when her score is really but 38, came in for a particularly scathing rebuke. Slugging and "kneeing" in the rush for prizes the President also deplored, and forcefully argued for open play.

On Tuesday next, a Going-to-Jerusalem conference will be held at the White House. President Roosevelt's views on this subject are well known and he will doubtless speak very plainly to the assembled children and to the adult promoters of Surprise and Birthday parties. Repeated complaints of unnecessary roughness have reached the President's ears and, although Mr. Garfield's report is said to be to the contrary, it is still the President's belief that the game is deteriorating fast. The latest complaint is that of Bessie Pipkin, six years old, of Altoona, Pa., who claims that a chair was pulled rudely out from under her just as she was about to sit down. The umpire's eyes, as usual, were elsewhere.

After much patient effort and persuasion, President Roosevelt has at last arranged a meeting of the two rival golf teams of

his daughters, and his nephews, and his son-in-laws, and his brothers, and his sisters and his cousins, whom he reckons up by dozens, and his aunts.

B. L. T.

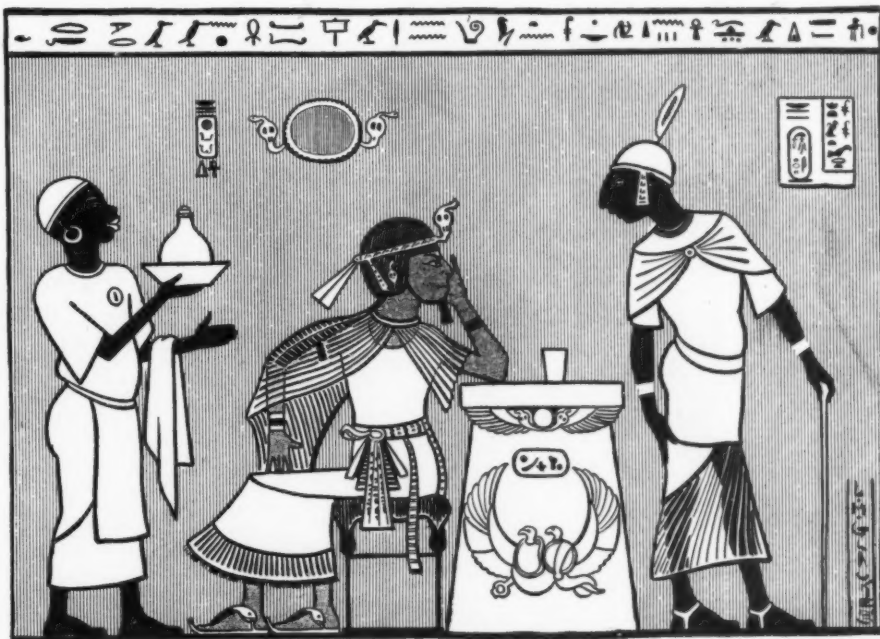


Punkport, N. J. Since last spring, there has been a bitter feud between them, the cause of it being a disputed foursome match on Decoration Day. At the President's suggestion, plenipotentiaries with full power have been appointed by each side and they will convene at Portsmouth early next week. They will be conveyed to their destination aboard the Mayflower, which will be escorted en route by three cruisers from the North Atlantic squadron.

The President is concerned over the persistent rumor that Ping Pong and Pit are still being played in certain obscure parts of the country.

Anonymous letters have reached the White House this week which beyond doubt indicate that neither game is wholly stamped out. These letters the President turned over to the Secret Service Bureau, with explicit instructions that wherever a Pit or a Ping Pong game is raided, the implements be destroyed on the spot.

Secretary Riis of the new department of Parlor Games was a late caller at the White House last night. He was closeted with the President for two hours on a matter relating to "Little Sally Waters."



"HONEST GRAFT."

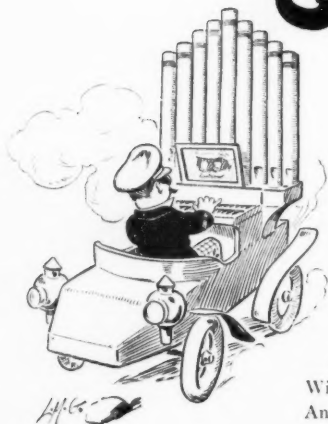
EGYPTIAN COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC WORKS (to Deputy Commissioner).—I got a tip to-day from Cheops' son-in-law where the next Pyramid is to be. Hustle out there and buy up one hundred acres of desert; then we'll sell it to the government and divvy on the rake-off.

LAST but not least was the insurance lid—and nobody was sitting on it.

PUCK

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

(A Protest Against Murder in Harmonics.)



GREAT conquering goggled race of ye who run
The automobile o'er the dark and well oiled earth,
Hear now before we die the prayer of one
Of that subdued slow-going race who gain no mirth
From holding on to manners old
of ambulation.

Since we must die, and since our life's short course
Has run its length in frantically dodging thee —
Since all our boasted trade and armed force
Has fallen down, and now, alas, can never see
The glory and the bloodshed of
thy peroration —

Let us go down 'neath whirl of spinning spokes
As died our fathers brave, in days of long ago;
Let us last gulp the blast of smelling smokes
With just the dear old blatant "honk" of horn we know —
And not the heavenly Gabriel chord
for palliation.

Kenneth Groesbeck.

WHEN GREEK MET GREEK.

"YEP," said old Silas to the grocery store group, "Hank Cresse was sure ugly. Yank lived in this town long a-fore any o' you folks come aroun'. He was ther darnest ugliest man thet ever footed these roads. Hank knowed he was ugly, too, an' one day, right here at ther store, he oathed thet that he 'd kill any man what was uglier an' he was. Well, one day there walks into ther town a man who was so blamed ugly thet he 'd turn ther leaves on ther trees in ther middle o' August. If ther hosses aroun' ther town had n't seen Hank they 'd sure ran away when ther stranger come

aroun'. Bet they was used ter ugliness an' kinder looked at ther new man in admera-shun 'cause he was uglier 'an Hank. I was a-sittin' here when ther hull thing happened. Ther stranger was a-talk-in' ter Hawkins, who was ther store man in those days, an' up ther road comes Hank from a gunnin' trip. Hank had his ol' musket swung over his shoulder an' looked ugly enough ter scare flies. Hank sees ther stranger an' looks at him like a catamount looks at a baby duck.

"By gum," sez Hank, "darned ef you ain't uglier 'an I be!"

"What's thet got ter do with et?" sez the stranger.

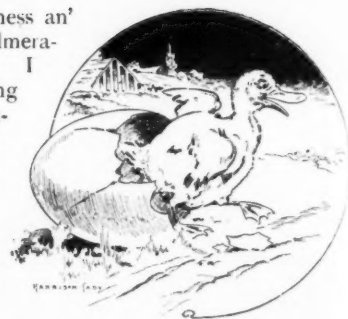
"Nothin'," sez Hank, "cept that I oathed et ter kill ther man what was uglier 'an I be."

Hank pints his musket at ther man an' we all rise up 'pectin' ter see murder done. Ther stranger never budes bet jest asks, quiet-like:

"Say, be I uglier 'an you be?"

"Yer be," sez Hank.

"By heck," sez ther stranger, "shoot!"



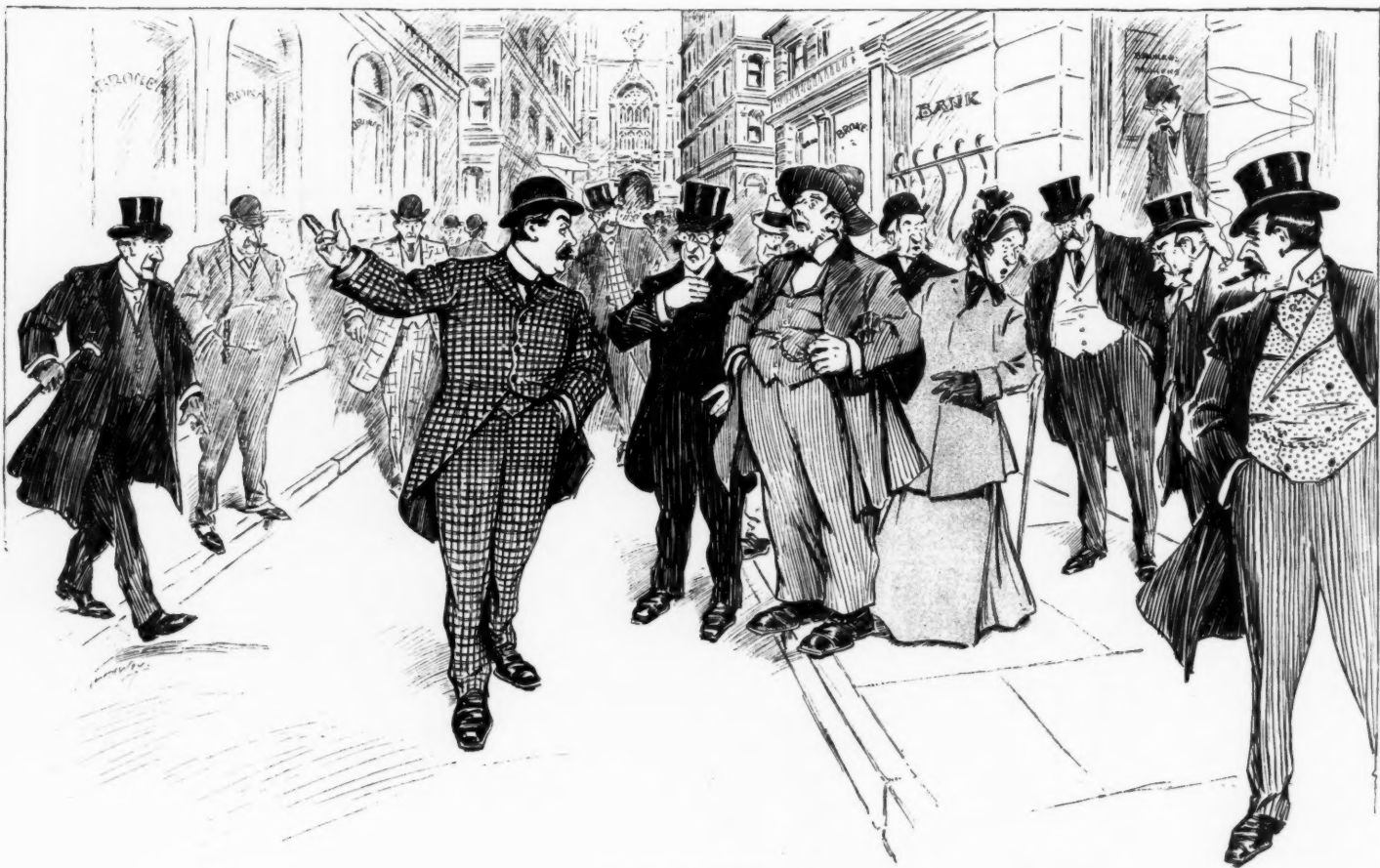
DOWN AND OUT.

FORESEEING TROUBLE.

THE SUITOR (*a few years hence*).—Darling, on the very next visitors' day I'll go to Sing Sing and ask your father for his consent!

THE FRENZIED FINANCIER'S DAUGHTER.—Oh, promise me you won't, George, dear! Why, that would shatter all our hopes of father's sentence ever being commuted for good behavior!

FURTHER investigation suggests that in their effort to keep pace with prices, wages are again showing signs of being outclassed.



IN WALL STREET.

THE PLAIN-CLOTHES MAN.—Hang onter yer watches an' scarf pins, gents! We are now passing through th' most dangerous section of New York.

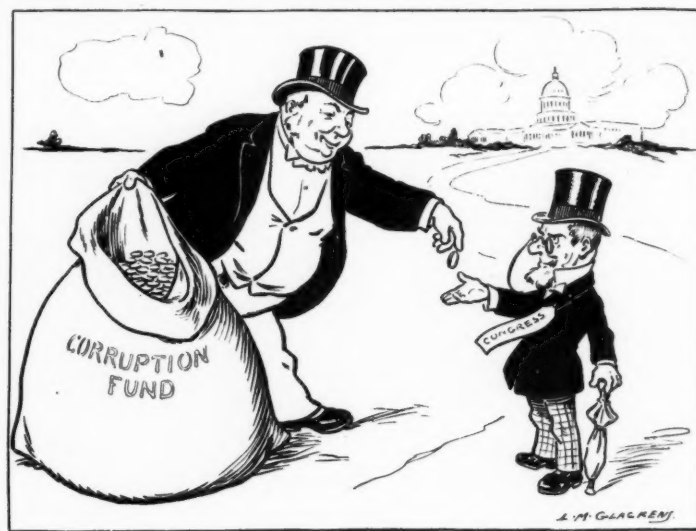
Great mistakes make more lasting history than small truths.



HER FATE.
A CANDID MIRROR ON HALLOWE'EN.



I.—STATE "SUPERVISION."



II.—NATIONAL "SUPERVISION."

BOBBY JONKS ON THE BEE.

THE bee is a small animal that is a good deal like a certain gentleman mentioned in the Bible—the last end of that man was worse than the first. The bee infests the Third Reader quite a good deal, and we are told that he is very industrious. How doth the little busy bee improve each shining minute? You 'll know if he 'lights upon your nose and runs his stinger in it!



THE OLD TOWN PUMP.

"Been here long?
"What 's y' name?
"Goin' t' stay here?
"Wife 'long with ye?
"How much y' payin'?"

The funniest thing about the bee is that if you add an "r" to the end of him he becomes "beer," and yet the Third Reader never says a word about it, b'cuz, you know, beer is an Indian weed; it was the devil sowed the seed, it drains your pockets, scents your clothes, and makes a chimney of your nose—or tobacco does, anyhow, and most people who drink beer use tobacco, too. The bee is not as large an insect as the turtle, but I'd lots rather let him alone. When a bee swarms, all his relatives, even unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate him, whirl right in and swarm, too. And then you ring bells and beat on tin pans and such like to make 'em settle. If you could make the fellers that owe you settle by beating on tin pans what a beautiful world this would be!

One time when I was out at my Uncle Hornback's farm a parcel of his bees swarmed, and while Uncle Hornback was whanging away on a tin wash-boiler with a frown of impatience, be-jinged if the bees did n't take a notion to settle in his whiskers! Also they done it, and poor Uncle Hornback had to set right there on a nail-keg as still as death with his beard full of bees, while the hired man eloped with the hired girl, and the collector for a patent-churn company came and took the utensil away b'cuz Uncle had n't paid for it, and a funeral went by which he did n't know whose it was and could n't ask, and a neighbor that Uncle Hornback had skinned in a horse-swap came and sat on the fence for half an hour and called my unfortunate uncle all kinds of liars and swindlers on earth and in the waters under the earth and trimmed 'em all up with profane scallops, world without end, pretty near.

From this we should learn that while we ought to respect and emulate the busy bee, it is also well to let him be as much as possible.

Tom P. Morgan.

PLAUSIBLE.

BELSHAZZAR saw the writing on the wall above him. "Probably my college son writing for more money," explained the proud parent.

Considering the frequency of the event he gave the matter no further notice.

A MEDICAL STUDENT.

MRS. DONOHUE.—Th' druggist sez ye're to take a wine-glass full av this midicine wanst ivry hour durin' th' day.

MR. DONOHUE.—An' durin' th' night, phwat?

MRS. DONOHUE.—He did n't say, but I suppose he manes ye're to slape off th' effects av it thin.

LOVE is bound to be made. Where a botch takes the business in hand, the material simply adapts itself.



A VICTIM OF THE KNEIPP CURE.

THE CRICKET (on a certain Cleveland lawn).—I heard your brother was put out of business a few weeks ago. How did it happen?

THE GRASSHOPPER.—Oh, same old story—crushed by Rockefeller!

The things we do for our health are as nothing compared with the things we do to our health.

PUCK



THE POLITE MAN'S AUTO-HORN.

BLOT.

THE house was already full of poor relatives of ours come to visit with us, and still every train brought more of them. I laughed ironically.

"They, at least," I sneered, thinking in all bitterness of the cruel attitude of my elder brother, "do not deem my wealth a blot on the family escutcheon!"

"Or possibly they purpose sponging it off!" suggested my wife, a woman of rare wit and fertile fancy.

INFERIOR AT BEST.

THE self-made man is on the wane.
He is, and no mistake.
But then, he never was so good
As "mother used to make."

NOT INTENTIONALLY.

"I have a hearty contempt for him if he counts a broken arm or collar-bone a serious consequence. **** But when these injuries are inflicted either wantonly or of set design, we are confronted **** with the question of damage to the other man's character."—President Roosevelt to College Football Men.

DON'T mind a shivered fin, my lad, or fractured collar-bone;
If you were hurt with wrong intent the harm is not your own.
Don't mind a few unraveled ribs, disintegrated spine —
If t' other did it purposely the injury ain't thine.
Don't care a whoop if both your hips are yanked from out their sockets —
The pay for damages like these comes out of other pockets.
Don't notice shattered femurs, crumbled fibæ — O no!
The man who meant to smash you gets the lion's share of woe.

Ignore that storm-cloud-tinted eye, that cheek that 's black and blue —
In after years your smasher must feel vastly worse than you.
Just giggle o'er your fractured skull, paste on your severed ear —
The rascal meant to do it, so it 's he who should have the fear.
And if with fell intention twenty buckos mount your chest
And trample on it till your soul has sought the land of rest,
Within your silver-handled home you 'll lie and gloat like fun
O'er what those chaps must undergo for all the dirt they 've done!

Strickland W. Gillilan.



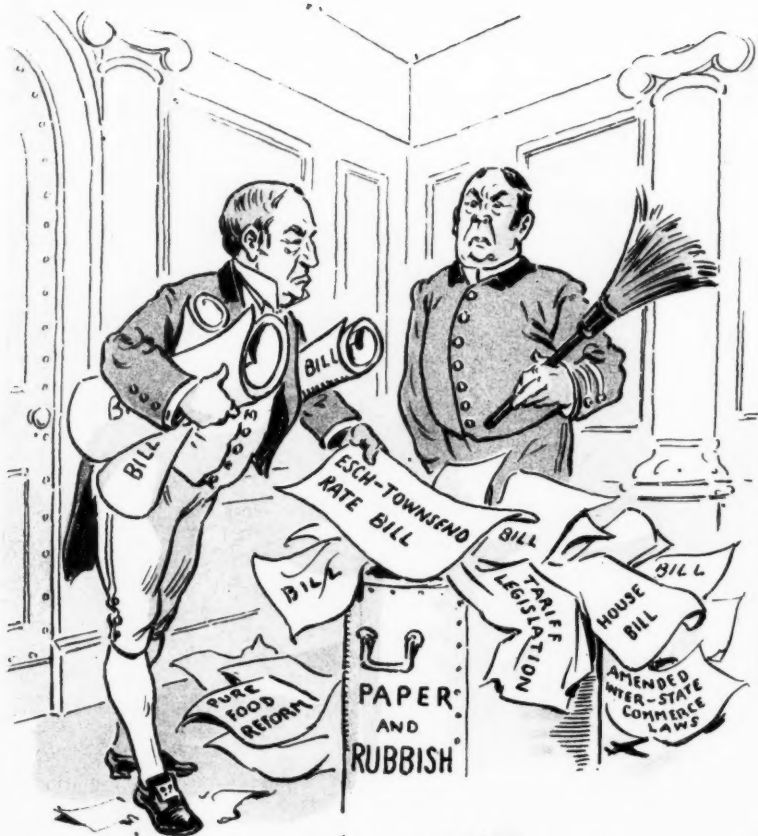
LOVE.

MEN in love breathe the same vows over and over, until these are thoroughly vitiated.
They walk on air, when more than likely they are quite unused to walking.
They devour faces, and with their eyes.
Is it any wonder if they lose flesh?



COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HUPPES & EDWARDS

CUPID'S DECOYS.



"MY WORD, I JUST CLEANED THE BLOOMIN' FLYCE THIS MORNIN'K."



"ALL THE PRIVILEGES OF THE CLUB."



"A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES"

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

THE COMMERCIAL CLUB OF
FORMERLY KNOWN AS THE UPPER H



"WHO D'YER WANter SEE,
AN' WHAT FER?"

A MEETING OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS.

SENATE CLUB OF WASHINGTON.

KNOWN AS THE UPPER HOUSE OF CONGRESS.

TWO UP, AND ONE TO PAY.



HEN my dear Lady of the Links
Is questioned as to what she drinks,
She answers quickly: "Can't you see
My tippie is a harmless tee,
And there's the caddy!"

Caddy, he
In silence stands and smiles and winks,
And that is quite enough for me.

So when the eighteen holes are done,
And Bogey's still the champion,
And Caddy's gone, and tees no more
Upset the nerves and spoil the score;
I bid Scotch Donald shut the door,
And ask her, "Shall we have just one?"
Comes then the true Golf warning: "Fore!"
Julian Durand.



A TWO HEADED CALF.

AN EXCITING CONTEST.

"WELL, SILE," I asked, upon meeting
that worthy, "how were the races at
the fair this Fall?"

"Oh, kinder mejum, kinder sorter mejum,"
he replied, looking bored. "Exceptin' of the
besookle race. It were some the most intrustin'
race I've seed. It were that, sure," he added,
beginning to wake up.

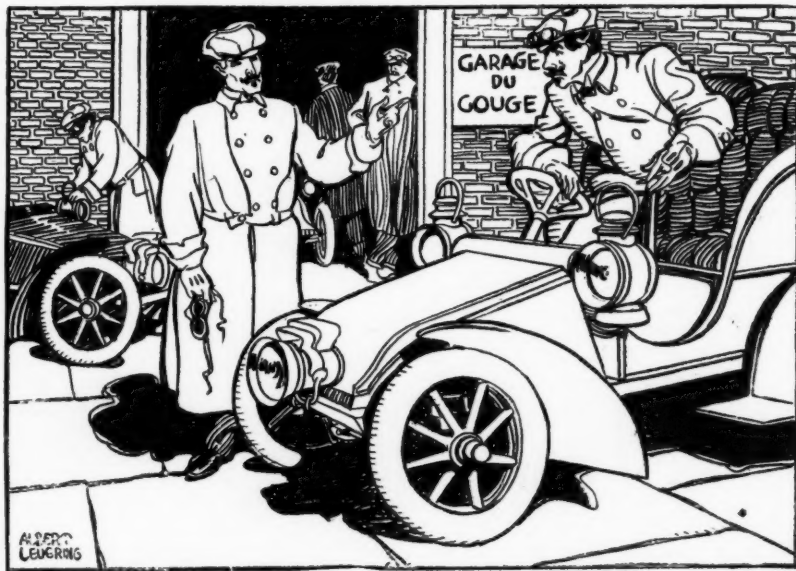
"Is that so?" I asked, greatly surprised that
anything without horses met his approval. "Who
won?"

"There hain't no winner. Leastways nobody
did n't get no medal," he answered.

"A dead heat, eh?" I guessed. "That
must have made it exciting."

"Nixee, it were n't no dead heat made us
Slocumhollerites rear up on our hind legs an'
yell," he said, contemptuously. "You see it
were mostly thusly," he went on to explain, see-
ing my curiosity in my face, "there were jest
three entries, Meddergrass's Sam, Harrower's
Jim, an' Wheatley's Ras, an' the very fust heat
showed as how Meddergrass's Sam wuz in a class

all by his lonesome — them other fellers wuz n't even also rans when
it come to competin' with Meddergrass's Sam. Wall, we wuz all of
us sports feelin' kinder sad
thet there had ter be any
second heat ter decide
somethin' thet wuz as good
as settled without it, an' it
seemin' jest like a plenty of
foolishness wastin' good
time like thet; but the
minit them fellers wuz give
the word 'Go' it appeared
immejit thet Harrower's
Jim an' Wheatley's Ras had
been a-consultin' the one
with the other, with a
agreement resultin', fer they
begun to oncet crowdin' of
Meddergrass's Sam inter
the fence. An' they kept
a-crowdin' an' a-crowdin'
till bimeby Biff! Medder-
grass's Sam he hit the rail or
somethin' an' went kerflop
all over the track. Even
then I'm bettin' Medder-
grass's Sam coulder hopped
on again an' won out in a
walk, but he'd got kinder
riled up about it, an', in-
stead tryin', he jest waited



UNPLEASANT.

FIRST CHAUFFEUR.—There's one thing I hate to run over, and that's a baby!
SECOND CHAUFFEUR.—So do I; them nursing bottles raise cain with tires!



A SURE SIGN.

NEXT HOUSE NOONAN.—I dreamed last night dat I had a
million dollars!

SHIFTLESS SIMPSON.—I thought so; I spoke to yer twice
durin' de night an' yer never noticed me!

ca'm an' patient till them fellers came a-scootin' an' a-buzzin' an' a-grin-
nin' round again, neck an' neck, an' then he ups an' slings his besookle
right plump out in front of 'em. Wall, when Harrower's Jim an'
Wheatley's Ras kinder unsnarls themselves from outer the scrap pile,
an' assorts theirselves, they kinder seems to fergit its bein' a besookle
race they wuz contestin', an' they pulls out after Meddergrass's Sam
on foot, chases him all over the field, an' finally catches up with
him, an' duly perceeds to lam the everlastin' pollywogs outer
him, him puttin' up considerabul of a fight meanwilst.

"Yes, sirree, I'm main-
tainin' thet's seldom a feller
gits the chanst ter observe
er besookle race, an' er
sprintin' match, an' er prize
fight all fer the price of one
admission; an' also, an' not
ter be overlooked, all of
them there contests intrust-
in' ter a true sport—in fact,
most as intrustin' as tryin'
ter hug a gal you ain't by
no means sure wants ter be
hugged by you, anyways."

Alex. Ricketts.

A DESIRABLE DAD.

THE stork one day
Had lost its way,
Was tired and full of rancor
And asked the child
That at it smiled
Where it would like to anchor.
The kid was wise,
As you'll surmise,
And murmured to the birdie:
"Just take me down
To New York town
To dear old Pa McCurdy."

Will S. Adkins.

The good die young; if they did n't they would starve.

Reputation

The Schlitz reputation has been 50 years in building. And we spend fortunes every year—go to the utmost extremes to maintain it.

The result is a world-wide demand, exceeding a million barrels annually.

And that demand is for absolute purity.

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.
See that the cork or crown is branded

Schlitz

The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous.

NESTOR

(NESTOR GIANACLIS, CAIRO)

CIGARETTES TO BE MADE IN AMERICA

The famous "Nestor" Gianaclis Cigarette, which has been acknowledged the leader of Egyptian Cigarettes the world over, will, from next month, be made in Boston.

Mr. Nestor Gianaclis, himself, has arrived in that city from Cairo.

A factory has been engaged containing 30,000 square feet of floor space.

There has already arrived undoubtedly one of the largest single shipments of Turkish Tobacco that has ever come to America. This consists of more than 1,000 bales imported direct from Cavalla.

This is the point where Mr. Nestor Gianaclis stores, and from which he ships, all of his high-grade Turkish Tobaccos to his factory in Cairo, Egypt.

Mr. Gianaclis, himself, will examine every bale of this tobacco, and give his expert attention to the grading, blending and manufacture of it.

Smokers of Egyptian Cigarettes who want the genuine article, and to whom the word "Nestor" has always been synonymous with the best that there is in the cigarette line, will now be enabled to have the opportunity of buying genuine "Nestors" exactly as they have always been made in Cairo, Egypt, at 25 cents a package, instead of the old price of 40 or 45 cents, which made this most desirable cigarette almost prohibitive to many smokers.

Nestor Gianaclis Co. . . . Boston, Mass.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,

33, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street, NEW YORK.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 30 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

HOTEL SEVILLE

Madison Ave. and 29th St., N. Y.

In Shopping and Theatre District; Yet Located for Quiet and Ease. Near R. R. Stations. Crosstown Cars connecting with all Ferries pass the door.



SINGLE ROOMS or SUITES,

Furnished or Unfurnished.

Transient Rates from \$1.50 per day;
With Bath, \$2.00 per day.

EDWARD PURCHAS, Mgr.

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, as he climbed into a freight car, "I'm glad de government does n't own de railroads."

"Why?"

"Because when we takes a free ride now de worst dat happens is to be put off. But if de government was runnin' de lines we'd be arrested fer graftin' sure."—*Washington Star*.



AMBITION.

"Grandma, I'm going to save up all my pennies, so that when I'm a man I can take you out to supper."

Nothing will quicker revolutionize the system and put new life into it, than Abbott's Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

LIFE IN WINTER.

I.
There'll be wood to burn,
An' bread to eat,
An' life in Winter 'll
Be jest as sweet
As the rose-red Spring
With her jewels set,—
So, thank the Lord
That you 're livin' yet!

II.
Then, welcome, Winter,
With snow an' sleet;
The fiddle sings
To the dancin' feet!
Hands all 'round
Where the lovers meet—
An' the heart that 's happy
Is hard to beat!

—*Atlanta Constitution*.

TRUE, TOO TRUE.

SHE.—Girls will be girls, you know.

HE.—Yes; and if they live long enough, some of 'em will be old maids, too.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

MANY a man who is rolling down hill thinks he is making a record run.—*Ram's Horn*.

It is easier to be a poor woman than a poor man; a poor woman can always lay the blame on her husband.—*Weekly Globe*.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER may be tempted to ask his biographers to give him some credit for not figuring more prominently in these life insurance irregularities.—*Washington Star*.

PRESIDENT McCALL, of the New York Life Insurance Company, declares he is not a millionaire, thereby confessing that he has overlooked his opportunities.—*Washington Post*.

FIXING.

REDD.—When your chauffeur is n't trying to fix your machine, what is he doing?

GREENE.—Why, he's trying to fix the Judge.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

THAT enterprising young New Yorker who robbed a bank of several hundreds of thousands in negotiable securities, says he was prompted to do it by a desire to show how easily it could be done. It is to be feared the bank authorities will strongly object to a continuance of these interesting object lessons.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

A Fine Tonic.

When a tonical stimulant is needed



Hunter
Baltimore
Rye

is the purest and best.

It is
Perfection in
Age, Purity,
Flavor.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



BOUND VOLUMES OF PUCK

MAKE A

Handsome Addition

TO ANY LIBRARY

1904 Complete, Bound in Two
Volumes, Cloth, - \$7.50
In Half Morocco, - 9.00

We also bind subscribers' copies, in
Cloth, at \$1.25, or, in Half Morocco, at
\$2.00 per volume. Address,

PUCK

NEW YORK



THE FOUR-TRACK NEWS

The Great Illustrated Magazine
of Travel and Education

150 OR MORE PAGES MONTHLY.

Its scope and character are indicated by the following titles
of articles that have appeared in recent issues;
all profusely illustrated:

Eleven Hours of Afternoon,	Cy. Warman
The Americanization of Paris,	Alexander Hume Ford
Summer in Winter,	Minot J. Savage
Where Blue Met Grey—Poem	Thomas C. Harbaugh
Some Animal Models,	Julia D. Cowles
Where Every Prospect Pleases,	Kirk Munroe
New England Witchcraft,	M. Imray Taylor
Time Defying Temples,	Allen Day
New York From An Air Ship,	Bertha Smith
A King on American Soil,	T. D. MacGregor
New Zealand,	T. E. Donne
The Limited Express—Poem,	Nixon Waterman
Tent-life,	Sir Edwin Arnold
The Nub End of Canada,	Frank Yeigh
Corral and Lasso,	Minnie J. Reynolds
Santo Domingo,	Frederick A. Ober

SINGLE COPIES 10 CENTS, or \$1.00 A YEAR;
FOREIGN COUNTRIES \$1.50.

Can be obtained of newsdealers, or by addressing
GEORGE H. DANIELS, Publisher,
Room No. 154, 7 East 42d Street, New York.

The Whiskey That Needs No Apology



"THE BEST IN THE HOUSE"

Garrick Club

Rye Whiskey

Alfred E. Norris & Co., Proprietors, Philadelphia

EVENING UP.

"What do you think of these investigations?"

"Well," answered the life insurance solicitor, "it shows how things even up. The directors are now getting some of the sarcasm and abuse that we agents used to have to stand."—*Washington Star*.

SISTERLY REGRET.

"That convention of dressmakers decided that waists must be smaller this season."

"I'm so sorry."

"For yourself?"

"Mercy, no! For Jane Puffeigh and Lucy Waddles."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Now that the battleship Mississippi has been launched, Gov. Vardaman probably will want to borrow it whenever he gets into a squabble with a neighboring governor.—*Chicago Daily News*.

SARCASTIC.

"Mr. Bliggins is always alone. He does n't seem to care for anybody's society but his own."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "I never saw anybody so fond of bad company."—*Washington Star*.



WHERE IT WOULD BE.

AUNT HETTY.—Thet thar York paper don't say anything about our Hiram's being thar, does it, Silas?

UNCLE SILAS.—Ain't seen nothin', an' I jest been readin' the Lost and Found Column, too.

Do you get up tired and feel tired all day? Try a
tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in sweet-
ened water before meals. At grocers or druggists.

A Brilliant Historical Novel

Monsieur d'en Brochette

by the Humorous Syndicate

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS
ARTHUR HAMILTON FOLWELL
and BERT LESTON TAYLOR

29 full-page Illustrations by FRANK A. NANKIVELL

This "historical" account of cer-
tain of the adventures of Huevos Pa-
sada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio
Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie
Gras, is a clever and amusing burles-
que on the novel of histrio-adven-
ture. We consider it strange it has
not been done before, but it is cer-
tainly well done now.

—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Monsieur D'En Brochette" is a
capital travesty of the romances of
Alexandre Dumas which have been
so numerous and popular in the last
few years. The satire is keen and
even the victims cannot fail to ad-
mire the skill with which the sharp
thrills are given.

—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

The adventures which Robert Gas-
ton de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of
Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie
Gras, and Much Else Besides, suc-
ceeds in crowding into the short space
of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

PRICE IN HANDSOME ONE DOLLAR
CLOTH BINDING

All Booksellers, or mailed anywhere on receipt
of price by

PUCK, New York

Every one can postpone Dr. Osler's working age limit by living the simple life and drinking

Evans' Ale

A brawn and sinew making beverage.

GUESSING.

A man will struggle hard and long
To gain what he esteems success.
He wins it; feels that he was wrong,
And starts in on another guess.

—*Boston Courier.*

NO CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

Why do the autumn breezes sigh
Like some unhappy soul?
It's nothing to a breeze how high
They boost the price of coal.

—*Washington Star.*

THE Czar has gone for a cruise,
probably just to show the world that
Russia has one boat left.—*Washington Post.*

THOSE grim invitations to attend a
Texan lynching presumably do not re-
quire any R. S. V. P.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

ONE reason we have no "financiers"
in Washington is that they are all busy
in Wall street.—*Detroit Free Press.*

NEW YORK's fusionists may yet have
to stuff a good suit of clothes with
straw and nominate that.—*Chicago Daily News.*



ABSENT MINDED.

THE REMINISCENT ONE.—Yes, sir, he weighed nine pounds
when we got him in the boat, and he had antlers four feet across.

FIRST AUTOMOBILIST.—Well, have you paid any fines this week?
SECOND AUTOMOBILIST.—Guess not, I pay mine by the month.—*Washington Star.*

Miller's
HIGH LIFE



Beer—Milwaukee

Pears'

No impurity in Pears'
Soap.

Economical to use.

It wears out only for your
comfort and cleanliness.

Sold in every land.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, dur-
able polish to all metals, but the polish
Bar Keeper's Friend
It's, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or
wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug-
gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George
William Hoffman, 290 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



YOU like the uniformity of flavor
in your favorite brand of cigars
—how about your cocktails?

Are you going to accept any
chance mixer's decoction, or order
CLUB COCKTAILS? Their
excellence has been attained
through scientific blending and
subsequent ageing to perfection.
There is but one perfect brand—
CLUB. Specify **CLUB** for your
own satisfaction.

Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Ver-
mouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin
and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
Hartford New York London

THE REAL ISSUE.

"Is this Ohio?" inquired the traveler
of the station master.

"Yep."

"Going to have an election soon, I
believe?"

"Yep."

"What is the issue that is to bring
out the voters?"

The station master slowly smiled.

"We ain't goin' to vote for issues
this time," he said, "we're goin' to
vote for men!" —*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THE manner in which the police
have been conducting raids makes the
professional disturbers of the peace
seem comparatively gentle.—*Wash-
ington Star.*

Bunner's Short Stories



H. C. BUNNER

SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of
readers.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

MADE IN FRANCE

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style
is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that
quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even
from those unused to smile.—*N., P. & S. Bulletin.*

MORE SHORT SIXES

You smile over their delicious absurdities, per-
haps, but never roar because they are "awfully
funny." —*Boston Times.*

THE SUBURBAN SAGE

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood.—*Boston Times.*


Five Volumes in Paper, - \$2.50 } or separately { Per Volume, in Paper, - \$0.50
" " in Cloth, - 5.00 } as follows: " " in Cloth, - 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers,
or by mail from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address: PUCK, New York.

20TH CENTURY LIMITED—18 HOUR TRAIN TO CHICAGO.
New York Central and Lake Shore.

Penalty 1000 Dollars
and imprisonment for not more than two years is imposed by the United States on any person who shall re-use or refill a bottle of our Rye or Bourbon Whiskey without removing and destroying the United States Treasury Department's Green Stamp.



SENATE WING OF CAPITOL BUILDING

Sunny Brook
STRAIGHT
Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND

is bottled in its pure, honest, natural state according to the law passed by U. S. Congress and signed by the President (March 3d, 1897). The U. S. Treasury Dept's Green Stamp seals every bottle of Sunny Brook which proves that it is bottled and sealed under the direct supervision of Gov't Officials. Sunny Brook is the only Whiskey awarded Grand Prize and Gold Medal at St. Louis World's Fair. For sale everywhere.

SUNNY BROOK DISTILLERY CO., Jefferson County, Ky.

INSIDE INFORMATION.

"What did your firm fire Knox for?" asked the first salesman.

"He gave away a trade secret," replied the other.

"You don't say?"

"Yes; he told a customer that our boss is an old scoundrel, and the boss overheard him."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

AFTER Grover Cleveland gets through discussing woman's suffrage he may perhaps be persuaded to say a few words on dress reform.—*Washington Star.*

THE most dangerous of all liars is the man who believes his lies himself. *Somerville Journal.*

GOLD SEAL

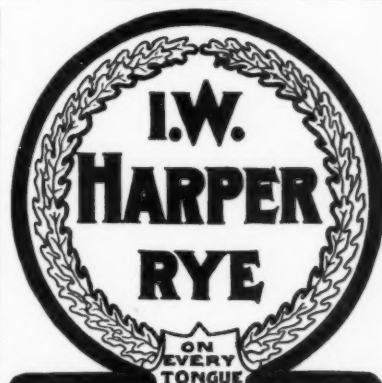
America's Best
Champagne

Special Dry—Brut

The wine of the banquet and ultra brilliant functions. All the delicious qualities of the French product, costs but half as much.

SOLD BY ALL
LEADING GROCERS
and
WINE MERCHANTS

Urbana Wine Co.
Urbana, N. Y.
SOLE MAKER



Has Stood The Test of Time

and won universal popular approval. Oldest and most famous in the world. Best for all uses. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

GRAND PRIZE Highest Award
St. Louis World's Fair.

BACK AT HER.

NELL.—I told Miss Sharpe what you said about her literary club; that you would n't join because it was too full of stupid old maids.

BELLE.—Did you? What did she say?

NELL.—She said that you were mistaken; that there was always room for one more.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

PROBABLY no man ever yet had his house painted with a color that was absolutely satisfactory to all his neighbors.—*Somerville Journal.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetiser and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS



More Than 1/2 the Shave

depends upon the lather, and the lather depends upon getting Williams' Shaving Soap. Most used because it has never been equaled in ability to soften the beard, keep a rich, moist, creamy lather, allay irritation, and make shaving easy and safe.

It's dangerous economy to experiment on your face with other makes.

Williams' Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Toilet Waters, Talcum Powder and Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, sold everywhere.

Write for "The Shaver's Guide and Correct Dress for all occasions" It's FREE.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
Glastonbury, Conn.

THE days when you notice how cross everybody is, the chances are that you are n't very agreeable yourself.—*Somerville Journal.*

NORWAY and Sweden are going to arbitrate. So sensible.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Jaeger
UNDER WEAR

"Imitated by many,
Equaled by none."

That is Jaeger Underwear!

More warmth
More comfort
More health

IN A SUIT
OF IT

Than in any other Underwear of whatsoever brand or fibre.

Seven Weights to choose from.

Our Catalogue explains everything.
Free—also samples.

Dr. Jaeger's S. W. S. Co.'s Own Stores
New York: 306 Fifth Ave.; 157 Broadway.
Brooklyn: 504 Fulton St. Boston: 228 Boylston St.
Phila.: 1510 Chestnut St. Chicago: 82 State St.
Agents in all Principal Cities.

Royal's "WHITEST"
TRADE MARK
COLLAR
MADE

LINEN
15¢
EACH



(ROYAL 31)

IF YOUR DEALER WONT
SUPPLY YOU, WRITE US
EMIGH & STRAUB—Dept C.C. TROY, NY

THE WAY OF IT.

All things may come

To those who wait.

But when they do

They're out of date.

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

COOK'S
Imperial
Extra dry
CHAMPAGNE

granted highest award over all makes at the World's Fair. Foreign Champagnes cost twice as much because they are obliged to pay duty and ship freight on them.

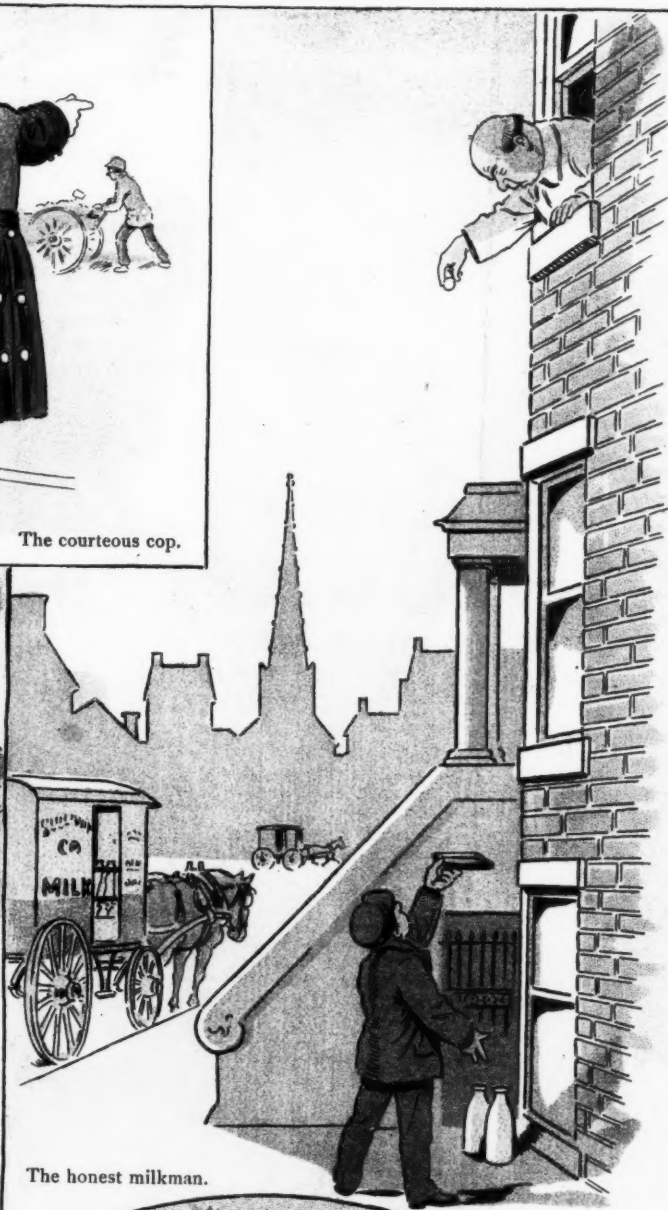
BEVERED EVERYWHERE
AMERICAN WINE CO. ST. LOUIS



The courteous cop.



The obliging fireman.



The honest milkman.



The urbane ashman.



His WIFE.—Have n't you forgotten something, John?

THE NEXT STAGE OF THE TIPPING EVIL.